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DRINKIN' CITY WATER

Almost silently and without any disturbing noise the city commissioners have pointed the way to sobriety and perhaps to health and longevity. They have shut off the supply of booze and made it difficult for the men who want to become afflicted to succeed in his evil design.

At the same time and without mentioning any connection between the two circumstances the city commissioners have had it pointed out that the city water supply is pure and wholesome and that nobody need fear it. No temperance lecture went along with the announcement, but sometimes it is possible to take a hint without having a brick house fall on you.

In other words the city commissioners have given the residents of Oklahoma City a splendid object lesson. They have removed from their path the temptation to drink bootleg whisky, which all will agree is not a wholesome beverage. In its place they have filled the taps with water from the Canadian which the city chemist assures us contains a minimum of bacteria. All we have to do is to turn the faucet and drink our fill.

There are other ways of delivering temperance lectures besides getting upon a dry goods box on the street corner to do it. The lecturer does not have to bespeak a date in a pulpit to take the place of the regular pastor. He does not even have to hire a hall. If he is a city commissioner he can do his part toward shutting off the supply of intoxicating drinks and supplying another that is pure and wholesome to take its place.

Mayor Ed and Doc Street do not pose as temperance lecturers, but that's just what they are.

WOMEN IN THE WAR

Now comes Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst with an offer to lead a regiment of fighting women in the European war. If the cable tells the truth, the chances are that Mrs. Pankhurst is only making another bid for notoriety, for she is not fitted to lead in battle of the kind that is being fought in this war. She is a warrior of a different kind.

In the past there have been women who fought in battles the same as men. It is not necessary to go back to the days of the Amazons to find them, and others besides Joan led armies into the fray.

But Emmeline Pankhurst, if it is not an offense to the sex to mention it, is just the age of active service in such a campaign. She would not be able to undergo the hardships of the trenches. Such warfare is vastly different from the kind in which this so-called militant woman has taken part since she came into prominence. Harassing the London police, directing women to burn barns and marching through the streets under fantastic banners may have seemed like warfare to Mrs. Pankhurst, but in reality it was not. Real war is all that General Sherman designated it, and then some.

Women are taking a great part in the present war, as Red Cross nurses and in other ways. The burden of it falls upon those who are left behind, however, and who are widowed and left unprotected and in poverty by the cruelties and tragedies of the conflict. Emmeline Pankhurst could do something for them if she really wanted to take part in the war in a way that would be more befitting to her sex. Her offer to lead a regiment of women, if it was ever made, was only a play to the grand stand.

GOING INTO THE POOL

That was a brave prophet who predicted that a large number of statesmen are doomed before the next presidential election to go into oblivion, or that at least they will go there soon after the election. He even goes so far as to predict that some of those who have heretofore been prominent in every presidential campaign will be of small moment in the next one.

New subjects are likely to arise for discussion in the next campaign and those who hold to old ideas are likely to be left far behind. The great mass of voters will not stop to listen to them. The man with one idea, which amounts with him to an obsession, is not going to be able to keep up with the procession.

The prophet who has arisen in these later days, although he has not yet been able to make his voice heard above the clamor of business, is pointing accurately at Robert M. La Follette and is saying that both the statesman and his "Wisconsin idea" have gone into the discard. He does not think the Wisconsin statesman will be able to attract any following in the next campaign.

But the most startling prediction is yet to come, for this political sooth-

syner, whose name is not made known and which fact is not important, anyhow, is predicting that both Bryan and Roosevelt will be shoved into retirement before the ballots are cast again in another presidential election. He bases the prediction upon the theory that the country has tired of them as leaders and is looking for new men. It may even be true. In the past the public has been known to cast aside its idols and refuse to put them back upon their pedestals. Stranger things have happened than the forced retirement of these two prominent figures.

A PAINLESS CELEBRATION

Young Americans should be accustomed to the painless Fourth of July celebration by this time, especially in the cities where fireworks are forbidden. A few years ago they freely offered themselves as sacrifices for their country, maiming themselves in proof of their loyalty to the flag of the free.

Forbidding the use of fireworks on our natal day was a bold stroke on the part of legislators and other law-making officials. It was not popular legislation with the rising generation, but it was proof that the young do not always know what is good for them. Since laws were enacted forbidding the use of dangerous explosives, the death rate from tetanus and kindred ailments resulting from wounds has been greatly reduced.

The old way of celebrating the Fourth of July had become a nuisance and a menace, not only to the young, but to many others as well. It was a day of noise and hazard from early morning until late at night. Fire departments had to stand on tiptoe from the afternoon of July 3 until long after midnight on July 4, for fire was scattered recklessly. Everybody turned loose and the two nights were made occasions for red streaks of flame.

Under proper laws the fireworks must be handled by those who are competent to explode them safely and in places where there is no danger of fires. "Safety First" has been extended to the Fourth of July as well as to every other day in the year. The result is that the young American may snick on that day and hate those who made and enforce the laws, but on the morning of July 5 his parents are made glad by the knowledge that he is all in one piece.

Our idea of hate at its highest pitch is the kind that is being exhibited toward each other by the leaders of the different factions in Mexico. The politicians who have practiced it in the past thought they hated those opposing them, but they were only giving a faint imitation.

Harry Thaw was always sane according to the experts who have recently testified, which only goes to show that even experts do not always agree.

The Times Oracle

Dear Oracle—The Editor of my home paper recently printed an article which I considered derogatory to my character. How should I conduct myself toward him when I meet him?—AROUSED NATIVE.

The editor is not necessarily spelled with a capital letter. Aroused. Your course of procedure is directly proportional to the size of the editor. The usual method followed, however, is this:

Walk up to the editor and wave the paper in question about your head in an infuriated manner. It is well to froth slightly at the mouth. Now ask him in a low harsh voice, if he wrote that. Hold your breath so that your face will get red and help give the impression of extreme passion.

If he says no, he is probably lying, so haul back and smack him in the eye. In case he says yes or remains silent do the same thing. If you don't succeed in downing him at the first blow, keep on trying till you do. Editors as a rule are extremely tough, so don't be afraid of hurting him.

When you have got him down, jar him a couple of times with your foot. This is harsh treatment, but unless you show an editor where to head in at he is likely to do anything. The only thing now left to do is to stop the paper. This is the last blow, and will make him feel worse than anything you have done. Your revenge is now complete.

This treatment applies, of course, only to those editors outside of Oklahoma county.—ORACLE.

INTERESTED



Bill—Are you and Jim courting the same girl?
Tom—Yes, we're rivals!
Bill—Well, he's left town.
Tom—The sneak! To go and leave me in the lurch like that!

Rain was falling steadily as the weary cyclist plodded on through the English mud. At last he spied a figure walking toward him through the gloom.

Gladly he sprang off his machine and asked the native:

"How far off is the village of Poppleton?"

"Just ten miles the other way, sir," was the reply.

"The other way?" exclaimed the cyclist. "But the last sign post I passed said it was in this direction."

"Ah," said the native, with a knowing grin, "but, yes—we've turned that their post road so as to fog those 'ere Zeppelings!"

The average woman loves to go shopping because she thinks there's something good in store for her.

Little Stories for Bedtime



By THORNTON W. BURGESS
(Copyright, 1915, by J. G. Lloyd.)

For several days Farmer Brown's boy had been very busy. He had been down to the Green Forest and when he returned he brought with him part of an old dead tree. It had been hard work to bring it all the way from the Green Forest and he had had to rest many times on the way. When at last he dropped it in his own dooryard it was with a grunt of real satisfaction. Then with a saw and hammer he went to work out by the barn and while he worked he whistled. He could work there only in the time which was his own to do what he pleased in for Farmer Brown's boy had a great many duties every day and he wasn't the kind of a boy to shirk them no matter how much he wanted to do something else.

So it took him several days to finish the thing he was making and in all that time the three little Possums saw almost nothing at all of him. He didn't forget to feed them, but not once did he take them out of their little cage for a frolic. They didn't know what to make of it. Now see they couldn't see what he was doing and if they could have they wouldn't have known what it meant. They could hear him whistling and for a time the sound cheered them wonderfully. As long as they could hear that they knew that he wasn't very far away, and he might, he just might, come any minute and take them out.

But when a whole day passed without a chance to leave their little prison and then another whole day, they began to get fretful. They had grown wonderfully since Farmer Brown's boy had caught them. They didn't have much of anything else to do but grow, and as there was always plenty to eat they just grew and grew until that little cage, made for one lone Red Squirrel, was altogether too small for three fat little Possums. They could hardly move around without bumping one another. So they grew fretful and grumpy and this led them to quarrel. They were beginning to be very un-happy.

Then one day Farmer Brown's boy opened the cage door and put his arm in. They knew that this was an invitation to come out and they scrambled up that arm just as fast as they knew how. But this time he didn't take



It Was Set Firmly in the Ground.

them to the house for a frolic. No, sir, he didn't. Instead he went over to the barn. There just outside and quite close to the henhouse was a great big wire pen. He opened a door in one side and put the three little Possums in.

Right away they began to explore it. They knew without being told that this was a new home for them. It was big enough for them to scamper about to their heart's content without getting in the way of each other. In one corner was a box with a hole in it big enough for them to go in and out. Inside this was the nicest bed. In the middle of the pen was—guess what—a hollow tree! At least it was part of a hollow tree. It was set firmly in the ground and reached to the top of the pen. This wasn't very high, of course, but that didn't matter, for near the top was a round doorway and inside the tree was just like the hollow trees of the Green Forest. You see it was this that Farmer Brown's boy had worked so hard to find and bring up from the Green Forest.

There were three short, stubby branches—one for each of them. On the ground was a dish of clean water, and right near was their dinner. What more could they ask? Was there ever such a great big splendid surprise? Grumpy for once actually forgot to be grumpy. Frumpy tried to smooth his mussed-up fur. In such a nice new home he decided that he must look as nice as he could himself. Frumpy climbed the piece of hollow tree and then suddenly decided that he wanted to see the inside of that box one more and just let go and dropped, bumping against one of the branches on his way down.

And all the time Farmer Brown's boy looked on with a broad smile on his freckled face.

Next Story—"Grumpy Disappears."

THE MAN WHO PAYS



The New Clerk—What's the matter with the boss? He acts like a dyspeptic bear with a ball on his neck.
The Old Clerk—Oh, he'll get over it. He acts that way only during the joyous holiday season of good cheer.

Al. Rosenthal's

FASHION SHOP

"SMART WEAR FOR WOMEN"

OKLAHOMA CITY

In response to numerous telephone calls from customers, advising us that it was impossible for them to attend our month-end sale today on account of the rain, we have extended the sale.

Thursday Month-End Sale!

A CLEARANCE BEFORE INVENTORY OF

100 GARMENTS

SUITS, COATS, DRESSES AND SKIRTS

- 20 CLOTH SUITS
- 20 CLOTH COATS
- 10 TAFFETA COATS
- 15 SILK DRESSES
- 5 CLOTH DRESSES
- 15 CLOTH SKIRTS
- 5 TAFFETA SKIRTS
- 10 PALM BEACH SUITS

\$5.00

Their original values exceed the purchase price many, many times over. — No Alterations, Exchanges, Charges, or C. D. D's.

And: Incidentally, a Blouse Sale of Grave Importance

Crepe de Chine, Lace, Lingerie Blouses

Crepe de Chine, Georgette, Lace Lingerie Blouses

\$1.00

Values to \$3.95.

\$1.95

Values to \$5.95.

Two small boys were having a somewhat rough struggle, and when one received an unexpected hard blow he exclaimed:
"If you don't look out you'll end up in a place that begins with 'h' and ends with 't'!"

A school teacher who, passing, on hearing the remark, scolded the boy severely for what he had said.
"Well," replied the boy after a pause, "I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about. I only meant 'hospital'!"

As long as a man is able to keep out of jail he thinks no other chap has anything on him in the way of goodness.

Confession of weakness is the beginning of strength.

A CARD

To The Shopping Public

The retail merchants of Oklahoma City desire the co-operation of the shopping public in the important matter of improving their service. The privileges of returning and exchanging merchandise have been abused and they desire the shopping public's help in eliminating the abuse, not the privilege, or the courtesy, of return and exchange.

Therefore, on and after July 1st, 1915, all merchandise will be considered sold and not returnable for money, credit or exchange, if kept in the purchaser's possession more than forty-eight hours.

This new rule will make far better service, fresher merchandise and lower prices. Of late the losses through deterioration have become menacing. An elimination of these losses will automatically lower prices.

SIDNEY L. BROCK DRY GOODS CO. THE PARISIAN,
AL ROSENTHAL'S FASHION SHOP, THE EMPORIUM,
SCOTT-HALLIBURTON CO., THE FAIR,
CAPITOL GARMENT SHOP, LADIES' SAMPLE SUIT CO.
KERR DRY GOODS CO.